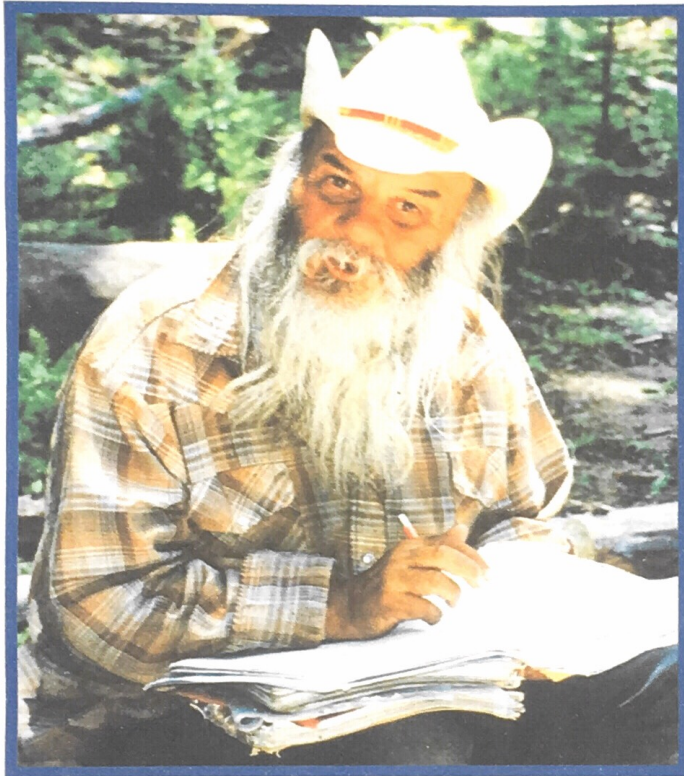




# Rainbow Family

## Life Stories



*by Jodey Bateman.  
Interviews with Rainbow  
Family of Living Light  
folks conducted between  
1977 and 2008.  
Scanned in 2018.  
Jodey Bateman may be  
contacted on Facebook.*

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at the gathering too. It was nice to see him. He had the same kind of energy that he does now, that boundless enthusiasm that he carries with him. So Leda and I hung out with Chuck and we were planning a trip to Mexico in my little car.

But we kept on hanging around with Barry and we went over to the Christ Brotherhood. It was just getting started then. I remember there was a woman in a wheel chair and Barry and I worked on her. We massaged her and I thought "God, I should be with this man because we have the same vision." I remember that struck me so much. We had the same attitude towards life. But what struck me most was the way we really believed we could heal this woman, massaging her, this belief that she was gonna walk - like Oral Roberts or something. I really felt like these hands had some energy in them. Like it's gonna heal this woman and she was gonna get up and walk and praise the Lord. But she didn't. I wasn't crushed, but it was the first time I had ever had that feeling.

So we all decided to go down to Applegate, Oregon, because Michael Bear and JoAnne had moved down there. So Chuck Windong and Leda and Barry and I and Jo all went down there in my little car and hung out for a while, and Chuck Windong and Leda and I were making plans for Mexico. And Jo left - and I didn't go to Mexico. It was a pivoting point in my life. I took Jo to the highway and it was her own choice. She went with Chuck Windong. It was a hard time. I didn't know what to do and I almost left.

We decided to go up to Marble Mount, Washington and live so Leda and Barry and I drove up there. I was really impressed with the area. I met all these folks that had been involved with the Marble Mount community since Vortex where most of those folks met. It was a real cluster of an area. So we went up there and set up our tipi in the woods as a pickup. Barry and I were getting closer, so Leda left.

Barry and I went back down to Applegate. We got this letter from the Tribal Council of the Wind River Reservation and these people were saying "What the fuck is going on? Are you going to have a



gathering here? Please respond. The Christ Brotherhood were planning a gathering there. We didn't know about it at the time. We weren't planning on going to the Wyoming Gathering, but we immediately packed up my little car and another woman named Sahila came with us. We went to Wyoming and tried to smooth things out between the Wind River people and the gathering. We moved the gathering to another spot.

It was one of the better gatherings I've ever attended. Everybody says that about Wyoming. That's when everybody started getting close and meeting each other. See, Colorado was such a huge gathering and everybody was so busy that we briefly touched each other. Wyoming was when I really got close to Feather and Jayson and Sarra and Medicine Story and Eric and Tisa and Dominic. And we all just really got tight at the Wyoming Gathering.

I remember that gathering specifically, that's where I really wanted to apply the study of herbs that I had been studying the last couple of years since I met Shoshone Indians. They helped me in my spiritual study of plants, how to pick the plant, how to receive energy from plants. You definitely don't treat plants carelessly. It upsets me to see plants picked by the roots, because they can't grow again.

In Wyoming I did a lot of psychic healing, laying on of hands along with herbs. I only did my first healing in a very small way. It takes years to get in tune with the plants. I think my main interest after the projects and peace in the world was the study of plants. They're very sacred and I'm glad I learned about them in a sacred manner.

The study of plants really changed my head around into really feeling at peace with my soul. At that time everybody was on the guru trail into different modes of consciousness - Buddhism, Tibetanism, Eastern Indian and so forth. And



found that kind of solace with plants. I can't remember the exact moment, but I think I looked at a plant once and said "I really want to know who you are." I was sitting next to the plant and all of a sudden this plant became really alive to me, like something out of Alice in Wonderland, this plant seemed larger than life. It had beautiful flowers - I think it was a columbine. It like invited me into the plant world.

I started looking at plants if I took a walk. I would say "Who are you, what are you doing? What can I give you? How do I pick you? How do I gather you?" All these thoughts started coming to me. Doing a lot of acid in the cities brought me to the woods. Once I found the woods I never left them. They are my true home. I'm a caretaker of medicinal plants, I'm the plants' messenger. You don't mistreat them because they are the Mother's creation.

So in Wyoming I did my first herb walk. Just the other night somebody came over who I hadn't seen since Wyoming. I didn't remember him and the first thing he said was "I remember your herb walk from Wyoming very well. To this day I remember the plants you pointed out and what they were good for." And I was really amazed that he remembered cause Wyoming was in 1973.

I can even remember the herbs on that herb walk. Most of the places that we've gathered, I look back and remember the plants that grew there. In Wyoming there were mountain bluebells. We ate salads made from them. There was the usual terrain stuff like sage and yarrow and fireweed and mullein. When I'm upset, I go sit by a mullein plant. I love mullein. If your feet are cold you can wear it in your shoes. It's good for hemorrhoids and boils. It's a bronchial dilator. That means you use it for asthma and respiratory problems. It's a beautiful plant.

My interest was growing so much that I remember walking around the Wyoming Gathering with a little bag treating people. There was no set-up as far as a healing center. I was it. It was really a pleasure because I got to treat people in such a way that it really turned me on and there was so little disease



at the Wyoming Gathering. That was one of the highlights of it. There was one case of diarrhea. The whole thing was very healthy, very spiritual. I think it was so healthy because it was a very spiritual gathering. Because of this concept - hey, the Colorado Gathering blew everybody away that it could happen. When the Wyoming Gathering happened, the concept was in use and the in-useness tuned everybody on that "hey, we can do this. It's not just a quirk. It's happening again." Everybody felt good about it and that enthusiasm was there. The newness of the gatherings was really evident in Wyoming. The co-operation with the people was really intense. I mean, we hauled in a piano and had piano facts.

We had a peyote meeting up on the mountain that I'll never forget. Sometimes I flash back on it. It was a open peyote meeting and this one person brought so many buttons that everybody got peyote - even those who didn't know what peyote was. But the atmosphere was such a medicine wheel that it was never abused. It was used in such an incredible manner. It went from an open peyote meeting to later on that night a closed peyote meeting with the people that stayed up on the mountain. I can't remember who the road man was.

When we opened the tipi flaps in the morning, we all looked across the horizon and there was all this incredible blue haze in the sunrise. And at first we were all feeling so good and at one with the universe - that infinite moment that comes and passes in your life so quickly, that feeling of oneness, especially after an all-night peyote meeting when everybody's jibing with each other. We saw this blue haze and went, "Wow, what's that?" And then that oneness with the universe quickly changed into reality. Everybody looked out and said, "Wait a minute, that's not supposed to be there. What is that?" And we all realized it was not an incredible spirit that arose in the morning just with the sunrise. It was smoke - from a fire.



So I've never experienced flying like that in my life. People flew. Peyote gave them the power to fly. And we flew down this mountain. I remember thinking "My legs aren't touching the ground." It was flying down this mountain in a flurry of not knowing what to expect. After this incredible calm of all night of peyote we were up and at it. And I thought "God, we're wonderful! We really can act quickly." And we got down to the bottom of the hill and we ran over to where there were all these trees growing. And there's this tent here, this guy had left his fire on all night and caught the trees on fire.

It was at 4:30 in the morning and a bucket brigade started in 15 minutes. Everybody that was at the peyote meeting got there first and it was like such an incredible feeling of hurt. We were so into the earth and we were so into the peyote. We were the trees and we were hurting as much as the trees. We got this bucket brigade that amazed me - just like that, bucket by bucket they passed up water. We put out the fire and then we took all this mud - it had rained. We patted the mud on the trees so that they would heal and I looked around and everybody from the meeting was still in the same sense of wonderment, of touching the earth in a way that nobody had touched it before. Patting this mud on the trees, I think, really woke in us a lot. So afterwards we wanted to lynch the guy that had left his fire on. He was still sleeping.

After that gathering we all left and I had gotten some money because when my father was killed on the railroad, when I turned 21 I would get like \$7,000. God, I was rich. I had all this money. I gave my friend \$200 to go to France. I sent my mother and my aunt over to Ireland - their life-long dream - to meet the IRA. I gave this person \$400 to get out of jail. I bought big meals at the finest restaurants for \$25. I just blew it. So we bought this bus, the Rainbow Rider bus for the group of us that wanted to stay together and Barry and I also bought an International pickup - the Blue Loose Road Goose. So we all traveled together for a while and got to know each other and we've been close ever since that ride. It was a crazy ride.



There were about 20 of us - and that's a whole other story in itself. After that Barry and I decided to head back to Montana. You know, new relationships, they need space to grow and stuff.

We went to Helena, Montana where Barry's from. We rented a house there and worked for Boulder River Institute for Retarded Children which was really, really hard for both of us, because every turn, we'd buck the administration. We wanted to take the kids on camping trips - just treat the kids as human beings, and they wouldn't let us. The kids were really in bad shape and we knew if they were exposed to different ways of living that something would click in their minds. That was a really frustrating job and we worked there eight weeks.

We finally got tired of it and we went up to Thompson River Falls where Barry's Uncle Louie had a bar and a ranch. We lived in this little cabin on the river with no windows, no water, no nothing. All the people from the Rainbow Rider showed up and we all lived there - there were 20 of us. Some folks went up the road and camped for a while and Uncle Louie got blown out, but we all had a great time.

When it started getting winter, we started missing Jay Sun and Feather. They were living in Lindrith, New Mexico and we still had all this money that I had, so we were able to travel at our leisure. We bought Jay Sun and Feather bags and bags and bags of beans and we went down to Lindrith and stayed with them. They had horses. It was right after the death of their son Shawn White Cloud. I think we showed up at a good time because they had just buried their baby. It died of a crib death. We stayed with them for a while and then Barry and I went down to Mexico with a couple of people that we traveled with from Montana - Rob Roy and Leika Fawn. We went back up to Lindrith and proceeded to get very drunk on mesquite and tequila that we brought back for Feather and Jay Sun. We spent a little more time with them.

I was questioning my own destiny at the time, trying to figure out what was next as far as my own personal growth and my



healing was concerned. I was checking out a lot of different healing schools. Should I go be a naturopath? Should I do this or do that? By this time the money was running out. Through Barry's encouragement, I went back to Minneapolis by myself. I went to nursing school to be an LPN, not knowing what it would do for our relationship, but wanting to pursue a career for myself. Through my study of plants, I realized I had to know more as far as anatomically and diagnostically.

When I went back to Minneapolis, I got involved in a thing called the Spiritualist Church. I had always believed in spirit really strongly. I was raised a Catholic and turned away from Catholicism because - because of a lot of reasons. I got more involved in the spiritual aspect of religion. The Spiritualist Church was part of the medicine wheel I needed to pursue as far as healing, getting in touch with the Spirit - not just the plants, but the spirit of the plants, with the spirit of healing and understanding the spirit world - before I could understand healing, where it all comes from.

There was this incredible woman named Birdie at the Spiritualist Church - a goddess. She was like 65 years old. She would do incredible things like go on 60 day fasts - the last 20 days would be without water. She would stand up on the altar - it wasn't called the altar, but - you could run your hand underneath her feet, she was so ecstatic. She would sing and you'd hear about 12 voices. She was so in touch with the spirit world because she dedicated her life to it. She could give you a reading and tell you things that were going on in your mind. She was kind of like our figure for so many years in Minneapolis. Consult Birdie. If anything happened, ask Birdie.

Birdie had this crew that belonged to her church - old, old people that were just incredible. They loved us young people that were entering their church. And some of us became very psychic from their examples. My psyche improved 75% from being exposed to it. We'd have services on Sunday morning where we'd all



be singing and there'd be 30 of us and you'd hear like 200. People would point people out and say "Your Uncle Tom is gonna visit you in two more weeks" and they hadn't seen Uncle Tom in 12 years and two weeks later, Uncle Tom would get there.

Every Sunday night we'd have a circle in the basement. All the lights would be off in the basement and the wind would be knocking the branches against the windows. You could see the shadows of the

people sitting in the circle and a woman would speak in a man's voice. It would be like, "Whoa! This is too much!" but it really helped me develop my psyche. It really taught me how to use intuition. I think everybody needs to develop psychic powers and intuitive powers or we're a lost race and a lost culture because not very many people use it.

So I got this little room and I was accepted into nursing school. Every night I would study for six hours. That was my life for the next six months. I did really well in school, although I had a hard time with the established part of school. I had a hard time with teachers because I was always arguing against them. I had gotten interested in childbirth. When I went to Thompson Falls, I had been asked to assist at a birth and I'd always thought about that being part of my medicine wheel-birthing. But, like most people, I didn't know how to pursue it. At this time, 1974, there weren't all the birthing centers around with apprenticeships like you can get now. It was like "OK, it's a dark world out there. Where do I get birthing experience?"

I thought nursing school would help me and it did. In fact, the only instructor I ever enjoyed was the obstetrics instructor. I used to bring these books to class by Raven Lang about people having their babies at home, squatting on the floor with towels laying around. It was like "Gasp!" from the other students. I'd blow their minds and talk about a whole nother



aspect. Through my education of them, I became more interested. I thought "If they're not following it, I'm gonna follow it more."

After a while Barry came out to Minneapolis. He had been working at his Uncle Louis's place at Thompson Falls ranch. He came to live with me halfway through my nursing school. We were living in this one room place and then Tony Angel and Magic came. There were four of us living in one room with a dog and my landlady who was a old woman named Betty who shared the bathroom with us, she started freaking out. She didn't say anything. It was her family that started getting wise to us. Barry and I would be in the bed. Magic and Tony would be on the floor and I'd be getting up in the morning and going to nursing school. We'd been there quite a while and finally they kicked us out.

This was like in June, 1975, and I was almost out of school and Chuck Windson came through. Chuck had been coming through Minneapolis and he'd stay with me periodically. So Chuck and Barry went off to the Arkansas Gathering. I was feeling so bad because I hated nursing school at that point. I only had a month left. I wanted to leave Minneapolis and it was hot and I got pregnant and I got morning sickness and I didn't want to go to nursing school any more and I wanted to go to the gathering. I was real jealous and I remember waving to them as they were jumping a freight train. I was thinking, "God, how can I do this?" But I had this commitment to fulfill.

They went off to the gathering and I moved into the ghetto. I remember living in paranoia and I woke up several times at night with black men coming through the window and I'd just get my broom and shoo them out of the window. People were dying next door, you'd hear gunshots going off at night and I'm trying to finish nursing school pregnant to the hilt, you know, morning sickness, and they're calling me from Arkansas saying nobody's found the site. And I'm telling them "Get me an airplane ticket. Get me out of here."



But I stayed there. It got really hard but I finished school.

I was pregnant and the teacher scorned me because I wasn't married and I was living in this black neighborhood pregnant and they didn't know who the father was and I wouldn't tell them. I just told them to fuck off and leave me alone. I was almost done with school. By that time I was really badass. At the beginning of school, I took their shit, but by the end of school I couldn't take it any more. All the sweet little girls, I'd go to the bar with them night after night and beat them at pool and I'd want to hit them over the head with the pool stick because they were these little preppie girls and they were all talking about "going to work at the hospital" when they got done with nursing school. I had no such plans. I was going to go out to the mountains and start a rural clinic or something. That was my dream - it still is.

So I finished school and Barry and I bought a school bus and Tony Angel was still there, so we all went in this dilapidated old school bus and it was so good to get out of Minneapolis. We were going back to Montana and we stayed on this mountain top. I was very pregnant. I felt so good to be out of the ghetto. It's not like when I lived in the Indian ghetto of Minneapolis. It was a different scene there - we were co-oping different projects. But in this ghetto, I was just another person going to nursing school. The black ghetto was much different from the Indian ghetto.

We were back in Montana to work on the Montana Gathering. I had just missed the Arkansas Gathering, so I was really eager to do a gathering. So we rented this little cabin in the foothills near Kalispel. It was an open house, always had people staying there. It was just a two-room cabin.

We met the neighbors, great people, Mennonites. We were surrounded by Mennonites. The Kaufmans, a family often



people, straight Mennonites, they were so wonderful. We were living in this Rainbow crazy place just down the road from them. Twenty of us would go eat with them three nights a week. And they would just add extra plates. They got off on us and we got off on them, because we were all trying to make a better world. A lot of people came out to work on the gathering. It was pretty crazy - Bear and Kilo and so many people came. Somebody stole the Mennonites' car. It was the

usual scene. By the time we left there must have been 30 of us living there.

When I got to Kalispel, I couldn't find a midwife, so - cocky first birther - I thought I'm gonna have a good birth, I'm healthy, very healthy, I've just come out of nursing school, I had seen five births in the hospital. Antoinette No Guns was there. She moved into the neighborhood down the road from us with a woman named Dagmar from West Germany. So we had this little community up there and I thought, "No Guns and Dagmar are gonna help me. No Guns had a baby. Hey, we got it made!" Pip was there. A couple that lived up the road, Bruce and Abby, she had a baby. I had all these expertise people. The Mennonites - the Kaufmans - had a brother who was a doctor in Whitefish, about 40 miles away. I had gone to a pre-natal with him. I thought, "OK, if anything happens, I'll call Dr. Kaufman."

So I started labor. It was December. I loved it - when I started. It was snowing out. I had all these expectations. I had my neighbors stay home from school and work, all the Mennonite kids would watch the birth as a educational thing. There were about 12 people in a two-room place. God, I would never permit it if I had to do a birth now. It was too crowded.

We were real mellow. Nobody knew what to do. I started laboring really hard and I laid there for 18 hours on my side. I had so much back pain, I couldn't get on my back. Nobody told me to get up and walk around, nobody told me to pee, nobody told me to drink water. It was pretty crazy because I thought



everybody knew and nobody knew a thing. And I was laying there in such extreme pain that I was nearly unconscious from it all. 8FL

So finally my water broke and macerium came out and Barry had been sitting on the bed for as long as I had been laying on the bed. We both knew that macerium was a sign of fetal distress so he went to call Dr. Kaufman up. About an hour later, Dr. Kaufman came up and the whole place was a shambles. I mean toilet paper all over, there was blood all over the room, I had puked. I was like out of it. Oil marks all over the walls.

The doctor said, "Oh, my God!" He wanted to take me to the hospital and I refused to go. My bladder was distended because I hadn't peed. He wanted to catheterize me. It was just a disaster. He told me to get on my back. I thought, "Oh, somebody's telling me what to do" because people were telling me, "Push!" "Don't push!" And I'm doing my breathing all the time with Antoinette No Guns, who was just incredibly wonderful. So anyway, Shaneka was born, a  $9\frac{1}{2}$  pound baby boy - beautiful. I felt so relieved after that.

I got my first real sense and concept of midwifery from that experience, that it's not just a sloppy job. You've got to really know what you're doing. And so I knew I wanted to pursue midwifery. I did not want another woman to go through what I had gone through.

Meanwhile during the winter, Garrick came and Feather and Jayson and Chuck Winsong and we were pretty much the crew working on the gathering. We were arranging to meet with the rangers in Glacier National Park, because that's where we wanted to have the gathering. There was a meeting we had with all these folks. We were outnumbered by like 50 to one. They gave us one seat and there were like ten of us. And we all pulled up chairs - put babies out in the floor. There was the BIA, the DEA, the



FBI, the CIA, the forest rangers, the district rangers, the supervisors, the sheriffs, the police - you name it. They were all there, they were freaked out.

There was this guy sitting behind me. I felt his presence. The next day we were at the cabin and there was a knock on the door and I opened it and there was this guy again and I felt "uh-uh." He goes, "Charlotte-Adams?" I go "Uh-huh. That's me, all right, but I don't want to talk to you, because I don't know who you are." Barry says, "Come on in and have some coffee!" and this guy is going, "I'm the FBI" and I'm going, "I don't want you to come in my house." Barry's going, "Come on in and have some coffee!" and I'm going, "Don't come into my house!" Barry says "He can come in and have coffee!" and I'm going "No you're not!" and Barry says, "Yes he is!"

I didn't know what he wanted, but I didn't want to have anything to do with him. This guy was trying to catch up with me because he thought I was harboring a fugitive - a friend of mine that had a nasty little past of robbing banks who got arrested with me in that bust in Minneapolis back in 1972. He had gotten like a ten year sentence and he had broke out of jail.

Eventually the FBI men did come into my house and I was not very polite because I just don't jibe with that kind of person at all. He had called my family. He had followed my past life through the files to find me. He had harassed my family - told my mother I wanted by the FBI after I had put her through that other jail scene.

I just told the FBI man he had to leave. I said "I don't know what you're talking about, I hope the brother is always on the lam. I hope they never find him, good bye, thank you!" and I shut the door.

When we were working on the gathering there was this guy called George Oster who wrote the Kalispel News and he was the most hateful, redneck man you'd ever want to meet - the epitome of a cowboy. He always wore black leather, always wore a ten-gallon hat, a little thin mustache - looked like one of them evil dudes out of Western movies. He used to write articles



about the Rainbow people - like we steal young women, we eat dogs. He did such slanderous stuff in the media that it freaked us out. He didn't even know us and we tried to meet him, we tried to talk to him. We'd show up at meetings, he wouldn't show up.

In the meantime, there was this other newspaper, the Hungry Horse News. The editor, Mel Roster, didn't like us at first, but then met with us. He used to come to our house and interview us, take pictures of us, met us at the schools. He started liking us. He started getting real interested in gatherings, so we had two different presses coming out. Every week they would come out with a story about the gathering and this is all winter long.

Because of George Oster, the people in Kalispel and the surrounding areas hated us. They blocked any kind of effort that we would try to do. I think it was because of George Oster that the vigilantes came after us, the Posse Comitatus. They used to follow us at night. They used to write letters. They wrote one "Hippie Adams" to Barry - something like, "We're gonna get you." They came by one night, and this was really scary. Shaneka was a little baby. All of a sudden I heard this great big shot gun going off at our house. We're ducking for cover and we're just peaceful hippies living up in the hills. The next morning we went out and the mail box was blown to smithereens. So we started getting a little worried, so we sent out the call and Tony Angel came from New York. If anybody's gonna protect us, it was Tony. The vigilantes were after us and we sent for the troops and they came.

We moved out of the cabin in the spring. That summer we went to The Montana Gathering. It was a nice gathering. It was a split camp - the high camp and the low camp. That really distressed me. But I wasn't concerned about that because my thing at the gathering was the healing center. It was one of the first real healing centers we had and we treated a lot of people. We were under this plastic tarp - it's not the elaborate yurt system that we



sometimes have. There were four of us and we really burnt ourselves out cause there was a lot of disease there. I remember this one woman with boils all over her body. They turned into deep craters. ESI

After that gathering, we decided through all the calamities and hassles and hard times we had in Montana setting it up that we left the state and went to Oregon to live, then to a little house near Santa Clara. We had the usual Rainbow scene there. A couple of bus loads came through and moved in with us. Every place we always lived, bus loads came through and moved in with us. I remember that Christmas, 1976 especially well. Chuck Windsor came through and Chuck and Barry went back to Montana cause Barry got real sick from the air in Oregon. That's when I had my second miscarriage, the day before Christmas I really miscarried bad. I've had two ectopic pregnancies and six miscarriages and two babies.

We lived in Oregon for a while and I worked at some projects there. I worked as a nurse. I didn't pursue my healing too much. We came back to Montana and that's where I really started pursuing it. We moved to Missoula, Montana, and we really got involved in Missoula. Barry was working at the SAC at the University of Montana - the Student Action Center. He was involved in a lot of projects. We got very, very political, along with the gathering aspect of our lives. We started working on initiatives in Montana along with Jim Lynch and Perry Gliessman and Butch Turk and several other people. We disallowed nuclear power plants to be built in Montana. We made Missoula county nuclear-free. We made it practically impossible for uranium mining to happen in Montana, economically infeasible, because the law that passed was if you were going to uranium mine you had to remove the mill tailings, which is practically impossible and destroys any profit that you could make.

We stayed in Missoula for about eight years, working on various gatherings and working on the political aspects of Montana and I also pursued birthing and through the different gatherings I had gone to, I always birthed babies there. I was really into it at this point, trying to decipher my own mind, which part of the healing—



there are so many, so many different healing avenues to pursue. I was having a quagmire in my mind. Which one am I going to do? You can't do them all. You'd be studying all your life. So I decided that what I wanted to pursue was the study of plants, extracting the plants into tinctures. Not so much doing a general diagnosis of people, but concerning women's health and midwifery. So I made that commitment to myself. It took me all those years to get to that point.

At the Oregon Gathering I started changing because Singing Tree and I did the Full Moon tipi where we did a women's health center and we didn't have to deal with the general sickness of the population. We took care of women. It was really nice and that's where I made a lot of decisions. Ever since then I've stopped working in the healing centers except for people who would come to me or if there were births. Now I've had a lot of women come to my lodge for specific women's problems.

So I started teaching classes at the University of Montana—herb classes. The same as at the gathering, we'd do herb walks. I started doing a lot of births there. Most of them were really fine. And so we stayed in Montana quite a bit and we'd leave every year for the gathering.

We went to the West Virginia Gathering and that's where I was pregnant with my daughter Megan. We came back to Missoula and had Megan and it was a totally different birth because I had two midwives there that I really loved and respected. It was just as hard of a birth, but it was so much easier. They had me up walking and drinking and made me pee. Besides I knew about births at this point. So it was a hard birth, but a wonderful birth. We named her Megan Maria Calico. She was pretty big. I felt really blessed. Barry went to the Vortex II festival.

So we went to the Washington Gathering and the Idaho Gathering and I did a couple of babies at each one. I



started not working so much at the healing centers any more after all these years of that being my primal aspect of the gathering. I didn't want to do it any more. I wanted to get involved in other aspects of the gathering - relationships with the Forest Service, relationships with the police. You know, a much more rounded experience than just taking care of people's boils and their staph and their dysentery - screaming at them about not washing their hands. I just got tired of that scene.

Most of the gatherings have been sexist. In spite of what everybody says, men still run things. I'm in a completely different place than I was in 1972. I've been trying to help women at the gathering break down the programming that society puts on them - develop a feminist consciousness - become strong women.

[Sunny and Barry got legally married in 1986.]